

A ballad upon the Popish Plot / Written by a lady of quality ; to the tune of Packington's pound.

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1633?-1691 Lady of quality Oates, Titus, 1649-1705

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Variously ascribed to John Cadbury and Lady Powis.

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A
BALLAD
UPON THE
POPISH PLOT

Written by a Lady of Quality.

Whether you will like my song or like it not,
It is the down-fall of the Popish Plot;
With Characters of Plotters here I sing,
Who would destroy our good and gracious King;
Whom God preserve, and give us cause to hope
His Foes will be rewarded with a Rope.

To the TUNE of *Packington's Pound*.

1.
Since Counterfeit Plots has affected this Age,
Being acted by Fools, and contriv'd by the Sage:
In City, nor Suburbs, no man can be found, /round.
But frightened with Fire-balls, their heads turned

*From Pulpit to Pot
They talk'd of a Plot,*

Till their Brains were inflav'd and each man turn'd
But let us to Reason and Justice repair;
And this Popish Bugbear will fly into Air.

2.
A Politick Statesman, of body unifound,
Who once in a Tree with the Rabble set round;
Run Monarchy down with Fanatick Rage,
And preach'd up Rebellion i'that credulous Age.

*He now is at work,
With the Devil and Turk;*

Pretending a Plot, under which he doth Lurk,
To humble the Miter, while he squints at the Crown;
Till fairly and squarely he pulls them both down.

The Second Part of the same Tune.

3.
He had found out an Instrumt fit for the Devil;
Whose mind had been train'd up to all that was evil:
His Fortune sunk low, and detested by many;
Kick'd out at St. Omer's, nor pity'd by any.

*Some Wisperers fix'd him
Upon this design,*

And with promis'd Reward did him countermine,
Though, his Tale was ill-told, it ferv'd to give fire;
Dispos'd by the Wife, whilst Fools did admire.

4.

The next that appear'd, was a Fool-hardy Knav,
Who had ply'd the High-ways, and to Vice was a
Being fed out of Baffet in Prison forlorn; (Slave,
No wonder that many shoud make him forlorn.

*H- basly dares swear,
What men tremble to hear,*

And learns a false Leffon without any fear,
For when he is out, ther's one that's in's place:
Relieves his invention, and quickens his Pace,

5.

In a Country Prison another was found,
Who had cheated his Lord of One Thousand Pound;
He was freed from's Fetter, to swear and inform,
Which very courageously he did perform.

*To avoid future Strife,
He take's away Life,*

To save poor Protestants from Popish Knife,
Which only has Edge to cut a Rogues Eares,
For abusing the People with needless fears

6.

Another starts up and tells a false Tale,
Which strait he revoked his Courage being frail,

But to fortify one that needeth his Aid, (I wade
Being temposd with many which much doth per-

*He sovre he knew all
That contrived the fell,
Of one, who that day was seen neer to White-Hall;
Where he by the Treasurers powerful Breath.*

More likely by far received his Death.

A Gown-man most grave with Fanatical form,
With his ferribling wit doth blow up this storm;
For Moth-eaten Records he worships the Devil,
Being now indig'd at Court he must become civil:

*He hunts all about,
And makes a great Ront,*

To find some Old Prophecy to help him out;
But his Friend that was hous'd with him at Fox-Hall,
Being joyn'd with his master still strengthens 'em all

*He has peffered the Pre'st,
In ridiculous dress,*

In this scribbling Age he could nor do less;
But to so little purpose as plainly appears
With Pen he had as good late picking his Ears.

*9
To end with a Prayer as now 'tis my Lot,
Counfounded be Plotters, with their Popish Plot:
God bles and prefeire our Gracious good King,
That he may ne're feel the PRESBYTERS fang;
As they brought his Father
With rage to the Block,*

So would they extirpate all the whole Stock:
But with their false Plots I hope they will end,
At Tyburn where th' Rabble will surely attend.

F I N I S.

(no caption)